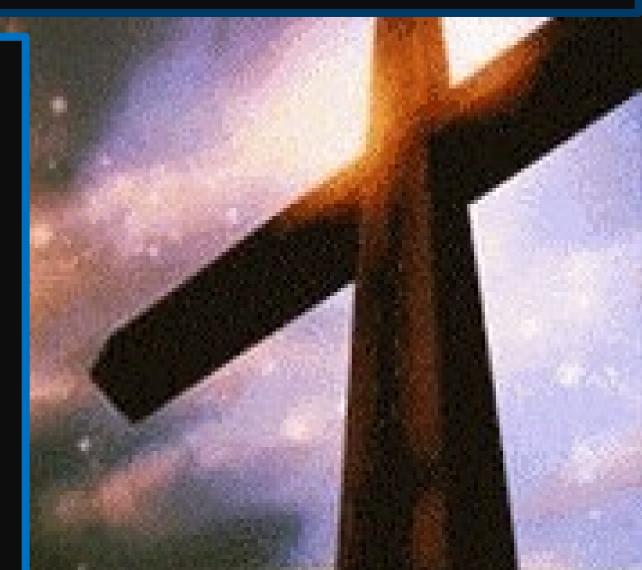
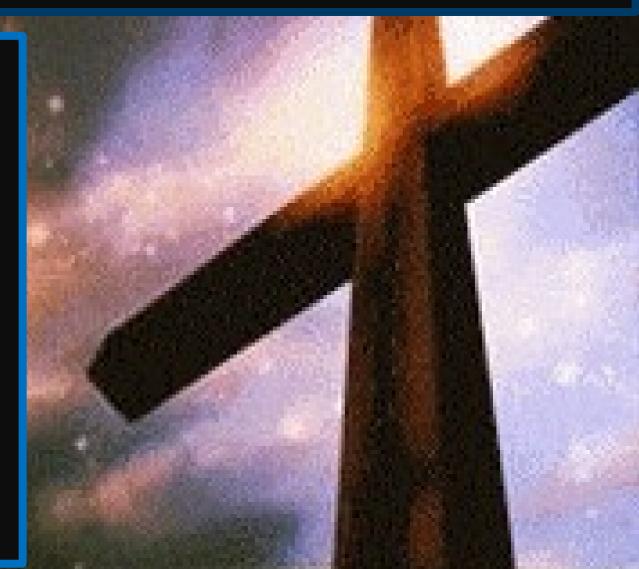
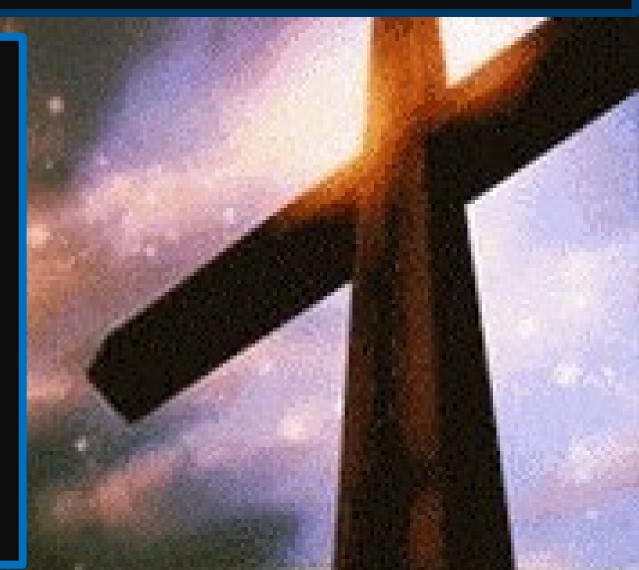
Stanza 1 When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt



Stanza 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm me most I sacrifice them to His blood.



Stanza 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down: Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?



Stanza 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small; Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

